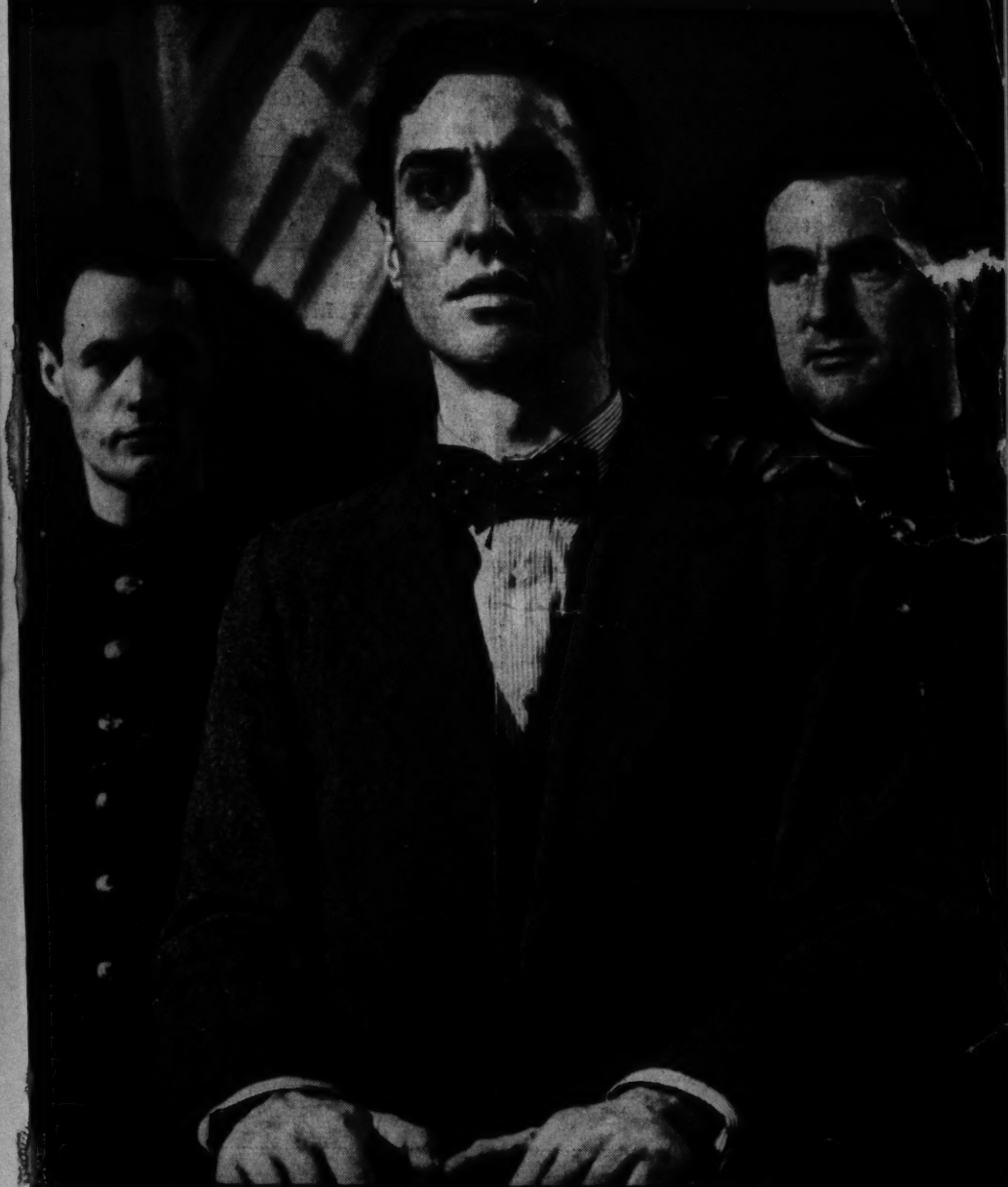


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Film Monthly Review

MAY, 1949

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Vol. 7, No. 5

EDITORIAL

LEAVING aside the arguments about film economics, we would say that the British film industry will never regain its lost health unless our films once more have their roots in life—in life as we in Britain know it to-day.

Recently, Dr. Roger Manvell said that our films should have the "smell of the streets." British screenwriters should base their themes on "raw humanity." What the public wants is "a mixture of realism and excitement."

We would add—what our jaded film makers themselves need is just that mixture of realism and excitement. Let them get out into the towns, the seaports and the villages of Britain—let them get to know the real British people.

And perhaps they would then leave Italy to the Italian film makers, who have, after all, proved that they themselves are fully capable of making *good* films about their own people!

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On cover : Richard Todd in *For Them That Trespass*

Edited by Robert Hirst

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My Views on the Film Crisis

BY FRANK LAUNDER

I REMEMBER long before the war my mother buying a cauliflower for sixpence. Inside it she found a note from the farmer who grew it which read, "I got three farthings for this cauliflower. How much did you pay for it?" The British film producer to-day is in a similar position to that poor farmer. Of every sixpence paid at the box-office to see his film, he receives little more than three farthings. In fact, he is even worse off than the farmer because he has to wait years for his money to come back.

It could, of course, be argued that the farmer's situation was more precarious because his crops might fail altogether—but then so might the producer's film.

Too Many Middlemen

The troubles that beset the British farmer and those that face the British film producer have also similar causes—too many middlemen drawing too large a share of the takings, and cut-throat competition with goods that can be bought more cheaply from abroad.

Defenders of the entertainment tax maintain that it is justly high because such a big proportion of British screen-time is devoted to showing American films. Exhibitors, in their turn, rush to their own defence claiming that their large share of the takings is justified by their high expenses. There is a measure of truth in this, which may not be readily apparent to the cinema-goer sitting, on a Sunday night, in the middle of a packed house

watching a cheap ten-year-old second feature. The reason for the exhibitor's high expenses lies in the structure of cinema finance. A man builds a cinema for, say, £200,000. In the first year's trading he makes, for example, £50,000 profit—or 25 per cent. on his capital. He then sells the cinema to another man for £400,000. The cinema business booms and the second owner makes £80,000 profit in one year. So in turn he sells the cinema for £800,000 to a third man who is, let us say, the present owner. And quite understandably he classes the interest on the £800,000 as "heavy expenses." Yet in the first instance the cinema cost only £200,000 to build! Thus, comrades and fellow-travellers, is the British film producer crushed by the capitalist juggernaut.

Is There a Solution?

Jumping with a light anarchistic bound to the other side of the political fence, I view with trepidation the excursion of the Government into British film production. The Government, particularly a Government committee, is almost certain to want to invest the taxpayers' money only in the type of film which will positively guarantee a return of that money—in other words, in box-office certainties. In the first place, there are no such things as certainties in films, any more than there are in racing, and, in the second, such a policy puts a

(Continued on page 12)



Dr. Follick's article is based on a recent speech he gave in the House of Commons. Here he is (left) with Sir Hariley Shawcross.

LATIN America could well be the British film industry's greatest export market; it has a population of between 170 and 180 million. But unfortunately, at present, our films are not getting fair treatment.

Last year, when I was in that part of the world, I received complaints that no recognition was being given to our films; it was generally hidden from the people of the Latin American countries that they were *British* films. Unfortunately, our films are distributed by American companies; and film-making is the third biggest industry in the U.S.A. So that the Americans will obviously do all they can in order to retain this highly important export market; together Latin America and the British Commonwealth

BRITISH FILM DISTRIBUTION IN LATIN AMERICA

by

Dr. Mont Follick, M.P.

The famous advocate of Spelling Reform proves himself to be an expert on yet another subject.

absorb the greater part of their film exports.

Letter from *Chargé d'Affaires*

Investigating the matter, I received the following letter from the *Chargé d'Affaires* in one of those Latin American countries:

"British films distributed in Latin America, and more especially in the Caribbean area, merely carry the notation 'Distributed by Universal-International.' Sometimes this is prefaced by the phrase 'J. Arthur Rank Presents.' My contention is this: in Latin America, neither the name J. Arthur Rank, the Archers, Ealing Studios, etc., convey the meaning of a British product. In a market which has consistently known but American films, any film spoken in English is automatically presumed to be of American origin. It is essential that the flat statement 'this is a British film,' or something of this nature, be included as a preface to the title, sub-title and screen credits, since only in this

manner can adequate safeguards be assured for the prestige accruing to British films so that it may redound to the credit of Britain and its motion-picture industry directly, and indirectly to British industry as a whole. I cannot prove that distributors for Universal - International have received instructions to obscure the British origin of worth-while films, but in conversation with several distributors, their indirect remarks leave me no alternative but to believe that it is to the advantage of certain sectors to preclude the possibility of British films, because of their high standard, gaining a foothold with Latin American distributors which might prove difficult to dislodge.

"At the moment of writing, there has come into my hand the 'hand-out' for the British film, *Black Narcissus*, which is being most widely publicised in this Republic. Of the hundreds of thousands of words written in the newspapers, in paid advertisements and in screen 'trailers' there has been not one single mention of the fact that this is a British film. I enclose this for your perusal, and upon reading it, would ask you, with your knowledge of the Latin American mentality, whether there is anything in it which gives credit where credit is due."

Liking for British People

It is no use having a man banging a pan and expecting Latin American audiences to understand that that indicates that the film comes from Britain. The word "British" must be clearly written. The average foreigner can distinguish no difference between Hollywood and Pinewood Studios.

In this country when American

films come over we get trailer after trailer in the cinemas, until it becomes very boring indeed, announcing that an American film is coming. Yet in these Latin American countries where the population is somewhere near 170 million, a terrific market, there is no indication at all that these are British films. The reason for this is very easy to understand. Latin Americans, in the first place, prefer our films because they come from us. There is a long-standing sort of liking for the British people. They always tell one how we have played an important part in their country's fight for independence. The Americans themselves have been a bit too much on the dollar principle in those countries and it was only when Franklin Roosevelt introduced his good-neighbour policy that that has been put on one side to a certain extent.

The "Dirty Cad"—

Always Latin American

They do not want "Westerns." They have their own *charras*, where riders are infinitely better than the horsemen in any Western film. Again, always the dirty cad, the lounge, is a Latin American. They even use the expression *mal hombre*. It is never a member of the American United States who is the dirty cad, it is always one of them, and these people get fed up with that sort of thing. We would get fed up if in the films sent over here an Englishman was always depicted as the cad. But that sort of thing is happening in Latin America and they naturally give preference to our films.

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TELEVISION PRODUCTION METHODS AND THE FILM

by

ANDREW MILLER JONES

(Reprinted by courtesy of the British Film Academy)

TELEVISION is in its infancy and suffers the handicap of limited production facilities, but already it is being regarded by the makers of film with a growing curiosity, which is not unmixed with envy. The producer knows that the most elaborate television production in an established service is absurdly cheap compared with the least

expensive film, and he wonders whether he can learn from television-production methods. The director envies the television producer his ability to see with the eye of the camera at the moment of shooting. It may well be that the detailed planning, which television-play production entails, would keep down costs if applied to film, and it may be that the



Televising a Ballet.

director will be provided with television view-finders, but no film maker is likely to accept, without a struggle, the limitations of the television medium.

Everything Pre-planned in Television

In television, every camera position, every move of the actor and the exact length and sequence of the shots have to be worked out and rehearsed before shooting begins. And once it has begun there is no opportunity for second thoughts, no possibility of trying out alternative methods of shooting the same scene, no saving shots.

There are other limitations which would not apply to filming if television methods were adopted but which the television producer has to bear in mind. They arise from the fact that the action in a television production is, of necessity, continuous. It is impossible, for example, for an actor to appear in a number of short successive scenes dressed in different costumes against a variety of convincingly natural backgrounds.

"Rope" Principle of Production

But this disability is slight compared to the fact that cutting from a long shot to a closer shot in the same line of sight is impossible, and will remain so until and unless television cameras can be provided with a turret of lenses capable of instantaneous change and focus compensation, or with the suggested electronic zoom. This means that actors have to be produced in order to bring them into a position suitable for a close shot on a nearer camera outside the

field of vision of the long-shot camera. In order to overcome this difficulty, one of the Alexandra Palace producers has devised a one-camera technique in which the actors are produced for the camera, much the same as in *Rope*. The actors' movements are carefully planned to bring them into the length of shot that the situation demands. This technique is more satisfactory for action in depth than across the camera. I found this confirmed, incidentally, in Alfred Hitchcock's film. The movement of the camera was much less obtrusive when it was "tracking" along the line of sight and when the actors were moving to and from the camera than when the action required considerable lateral "tracking" or "panning."

Dramatic Advantage over Film

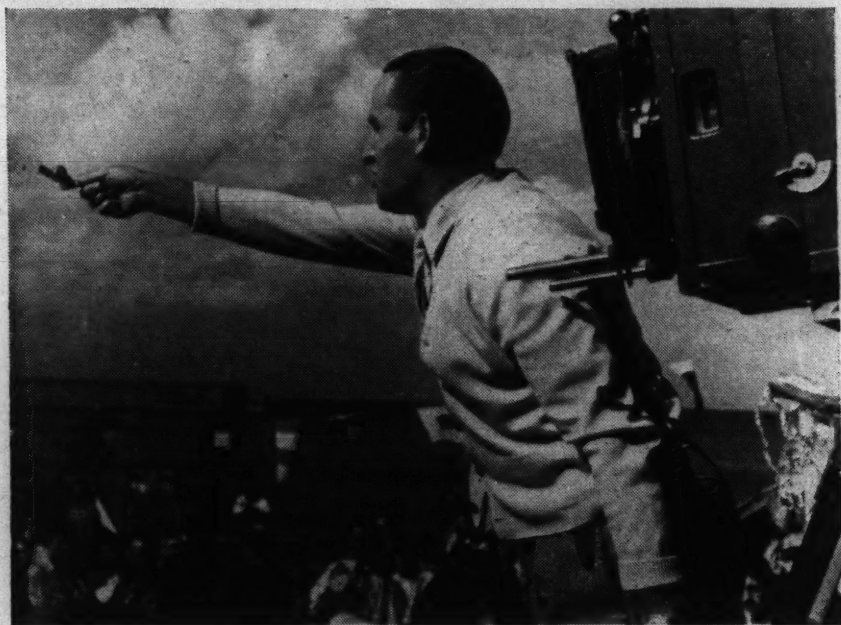
From the foregoing it would seem that beyond pointing to the advantages of more detailed planning, and suggesting a new technical facility, there is little likelihood of television influencing the production of films, whose chief characteristics are technical perfection and flexibility. It is more likely, at least in its present stage of development, that television will be influenced by film production. Already, film is frequently introduced into plays, but this device to increase flexibility, it is generally agreed, should be used with moderation. To use it excessively would be to forgo television's most important quality, immediacy, a quality which has enabled the theatre to hold its own with the cinema. It is this characteristic which compensates for television's limitations. Like the theatre and broadcasting, tele-

(Continued on page 16)

An authority on Italian films takes you

Behind Italian Cameras

by Frances Mullin Clark



Luigi Zampa directing "Children of Want" (Photo Novelli).

MANY cinema-goers still think that the new Italian screen "realism" is a brand of film-making invented by Roberto Rossellini. This is far from the whole truth. The "realism" trend of modern Italian films, a natural development of the cinema, started long before the war. Just as one country or another is foremost in history, so it is with the story of the cinema. Until 1933 America led in the art of making films, and then fell a prey to over-commercialism. The art then revived in France and Russia,

until the war, when the torch was handed to Britain. Her ascendancy, all too brief, became extinguished under recurrent financial crises and the literary tradition, which crushes all British arts. At present, Italy stands supreme—and no one can prophesy what will happen afterwards.

From Out of Suffering . . .

Italian domination is generally attributed to reaction after Fascist suppression as well as to the stimulus of post-war suffering. These are not the basic reasons—they only serve as the impetus.

At the time when Europe swung away from Hollywood, Italy's own cultural life was paralysed by the iron grip of her dictator. Men of talent and individuality went underground. Film-makers took refuge in innocuous documentaries, trivial historical or operatic pictures. Others refrained from direction, but maintained their love of the cinema by writing scripts or becoming actors. The majority blossomed into criticism; indeed, the Italian film industry of this period was noted mainly for the brilliancy of its criticism. With their own production too debased to be significant, Italian critics had ample opportunity for studying the works of Carné, Renoir, Duvivier, Feyder and Ford—all followers of realism, which they much admired. Film-making in Italy touched the nadir of inspiration; to bolster such an invaluable medium of propaganda, Fascist authorities promoted several schemes, including festivals at Venice. The critics were further enabled to assimilate films of such calibre as *Le Jour se Leve*, *Pepe le Moko*, *Le Quai des Brumes*, and *Citizen Kane*, all of which proved a vitalising contrast to their own moribund contributions. At the same time, the lesson taught by the then supreme British documentaries was absorbed—their influence can still be traced to-day.

Lack of Recognition in Own Country

Amongst those who escaped into criticism in Fascist days, and since have re-entered their rightful sphere of direction, are Francesco Pasinetti, the great documentary-maker, Giuseppe de Santis, renowned for *Pursuit*, and the new *Bitter Rice*, also Alberto Lattuada

with *The Bandit*, *John Episcopus*, and *Without Pity* chalked up to his credit. And there is a corresponding decline in Italian standards of film criticism. The discouraging apathy shown by Italian audiences towards their own magnificent *neo-realismo* productions proves that a prophet does indeed lack recognition in his own country.

As well as directors, there are other film-makers behind Italian cameras whose contribution to the art of the cinema deserves to be better known. It might well benefit the rigid over-specialised industries of other countries to match the versatility of an average Italian film-unit. Leading players are spared the hallowed aura of "stardom" with its trappings—they get down to reality and everyday hard acting with, you feel, their sleeves rolled up. Ready to do anything to help the film, Anna Magnani, as is the common practice with many leading players, collaborated with the director and writers over the script—the racy dialogue and stormy scenes of *Angelina* bear the imprint of her personality. Aldo Fabrizi is skilful too with his own scripts—*To Live in Peace* has obviously been moulded by his own shrewd but gentle nature. Directors who have made names as actors are Mario Soldati, and Vittorio de Sica of *Shoe Shine* fame. The leading actor of *Rome*, *Open City*, Marcello Pagliero, is also a script-writer, whilst Fellini, a foremost script-writer, was assistant-director to Lattuada on *Without Pity*, and leading player in Rossellini's *The Miracle*. Aldo Tonti, the cameraman, and the make-up man, both take acting roles in *The Bandit*—Tonti following this success with a



Director Mario Camerini shooting a scene from the mudguard of a speeding motorcar.

faultless thumbnail sketch in *How I Lost the War*. One of the best of the younger directors, Pietro Germi, took second lead in Soldati's *Flight Into France*. This devotion to a single aim, and adaptable interchange, creates understanding amongst a unit.

Italian Cameras Record Atmosphere

Italian cameramen have not, so far, received the recognition due to their artistic prowess. It is unfortunate that many of the earlier films shown here suffer from inferior prints—but it must be remembered that often the raw stock used had been buried for two years to save it from the enemy, or in some cases had been looted from the Germans. *Un Americano in Vacanza* and *Rome, Open City*, in particular, are the

worse for these experiences. Nevertheless, despite very poor war-time equipment, Italian cameramen never fail to infuse a matchless sense of atmosphere into their pictures. Nowadays, with better materials, their photography is remarkable for its three-dimensional quality; as most shooting is done on location few tricks can be used, and, away from expensive studio lighting, natural beauty comes into its own. The climate, even in sunny Italy, is not always on the side of the cameramen. However, they have learned to adapt production to any adverse conditions—delay is expensive. Their cameras always turn even when it is cloudy and raining. *Angelina* and *Daniele Cortis* have both used wet weather to great effect.

With few studios available,

interiors are frequently shot inside the actual buildings where the story is set. Mario Soldati chose the original old country mansion for *Daniele Cortis*, and Luigi Zampa used real working-class homes in *Angelina*. No studio ruins were needed for Zampa's *Un Americano in Vacanza*, and to make *To Live in Peace*, his unit camped many weeks both inside and outside a remote farm-house. Giuseppe de Santis went with his unit to the flooded rice-fields of Northern Italy for *Bitter Rice*; wet or fine, shooting continued—there was no need to erect expensive studio tanks back in Rome.

The Secret—Talent!

Unlike the British industry, Italy has little trouble in finding good stories and first-class writers; her secret seems to lie in seizing upon real life with all its drama, humour and sentiment and transferring it to the screen direct in simple terms. It is rare that stories are taken from novels or plays, although in the case of *John Episcopus*, *The Mill on the River Po* and *Ossessione* some episodes have been adapted. To-day, the Italian film industry is rich in that most essential ingredient—*Talent*. And Italian film-making is, happily, entrusted to those who know how to use it best.

(Continued from page 4)

premium on standardised mediocrity.

If you ask me for my solution to this very complex problem, I can only opine in slight variation to the cry of the film critics—that there is nothing wrong with the British film industry that a few multi-millionaires could not cure—temporarily.

(Continued from page 6)

In addition to that, our films are so much better and more attractive and more their idea of what a film should be. Our films contain ideas. In our films we try to solve problems. The American distributors know very well that if once we dislodge them from their position they will never get back again. That means to say that one of their greatest markets will be taken away from them and that is the reason why they conceal the fact that there are *British* films.

Best Foreign Actor—

J. Arthur Rank!

I have seen time and time again an analysis showing the different films and the voting that went on for these films. In each case where it was a British film the voting was very much heavier in favour of that film. It is no use telling me that they know the names of British actors and actresses, because they do not. In fact, in one competition, in which there was voting for the best foreign actor on the films for that year, J. Arthur Rank got the most votes, and I never knew before that Rank was an actor. What we have to do is to insist, in the first place, as our Government are providing large sums of money for our films, that we have British distributors in Latin America in place of those now coming from the United States.

Importance to Industry— and Film Studios

The British public are providing large sums of money towards the films and it is up to us to find a

(Continued on page 16)

DO WE MAKE FILMS THE RIGHT WAY ?

by Sidney Cole

(Reprinted by courtesy of the British Film Academy)

CRISES recur in our industry every ten years or so. Apparently, while we never learn from them how to avoid another, we do learn enough to make certain that the next one is a different kind of crisis. This is interesting but unsettling, especially to those looking to the industry for a continuous livelihood. After our leap forward during the war years, who would have forecast, for example, that, having achieved the Eldorado of a 45 per cent. quota, our 1948 crisis would have been the danger of under-production? In casting a villain this time, opinion favours the disproportion between the return to the producers and that to the renters and to the exhibitors. On this, we have to await the recommendations of the Committee on the subject set up by Mr. Harold Wilson.

False Standards

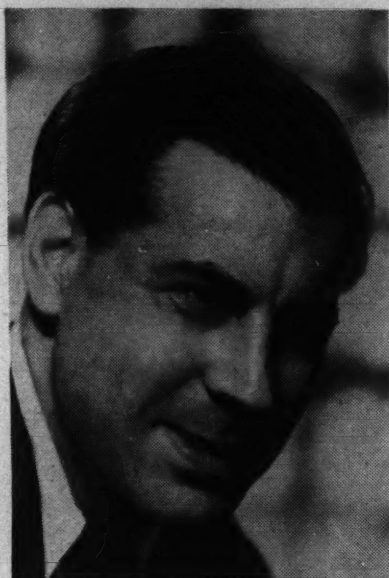
Meanwhile, I think there are other points. In recent years, we've had plenty of big-scale productions to be proud of. It's certainly not pride we're lacking in—perhaps it's modesty. For six or seven years we've tended to approach every film we've made as if it were the biggest thing since *Intolerance*. One result—the one I'm concerned with here—has been that films which, however well done, could never be outstanding, have cost nearly as much as “prestige” films aimed at an international market. Our range

of pictures has become lopsided. False standards of perfection have been set up, *false* because for the most part they are standards of *mechanical* perfection. We only have to look at some post-war Italian films and (yes) at some Hollywood films to see how much, or rather how little, such standards really amount to either artistically or commercially. Good art, and good commerce, surely consist in matching your means to your intentions. Otherwise, you may finish up by putting a dazzling gloss on something only just worth making, or by overwhelming a subject by its treatment. And what value is there in pursuing perfection to a point beyond which the original creative enthusiasm finds it difficult to survive? Schedules can become too long artistically as well as commercially.

Essential to Create Cinematically

And, to dig deeper, do we make films the right way? Or are we getting into a rut? I think we are. Where plays have to evoke their atmosphere in words, films can reproduce the actual thing. That has always been their greatest advantage. It is also their greatest danger. In certain circumstances, there is nothing easier than to reproduce the real thing—and nothing artistically lazier. This is the rut we are falling into. We

(Continued on page 16)



(Portrait by Russell Sedgwick)

Celluloid Abortions or Advertising Films ?

by **ANDRÉ BELHOMME**

A former agency copywriter, now actor and writer, pleads for the more artistic way in cinema advertising.

THAT the film should be a balanced blending of emotion, movement and music, with glinted dialogue is a truism. A fact of stark, staring simplicity.

One can but forgive the misusers if only they will be persuaded into a finer, more sensitive handling. Let there be no hypocritical, befuddled thinking about the film, however; it is an art.

Are Advertising Films Justified?

Art, sometimes a little shaky, but, in correct perspective so powerful, so blessed that it establishes itself on memorable occasions with a surge of beauty and meaning. The subject, of course, is limitless. What about this intrusion of the advertising film? Is it justified? Are there any grounds for exploiting an artistic medium, in this instance outside of pure entertainment, for purely commercial motives?

The writer's personal views are

idealistic, with the qualification that a clever, snappy comedy can be as valuable to the cinema proper as the most artistic, spiritual screenplay. One lives under a system which is oiled by the ebb and flow of money, and one must obviously remain realistic; but the key to this discussion is in the types of advertising films we have to endure to-day. Cinema managements must decide for themselves whether such inflictions are fair to the public who pay for entertainment; one is mainly concerned here with the right use of the film.

The cost of making an advertising film for a manufacturer is anything between, say, £100 to £3,000. All in an effort to increase the prestige, goodwill and sale of his product. He has probably already sanctioned a big expenditure on press advertising, for which in most cases he employs an agency—an organisation with executives, copywriters,

layout-men and artists, who contrive to design advertisements that will compete favourably with rival announcements.

Audience Reaction

But, what happens to his poor expensive film? As soon as it begins, the audience reacts, invariably "smelling" a commercial. That is a bad start—prejudice. A moment or two later and private guessing competitions are going on in all parts of the house as to which product it is this time. At the conclusion, on the inspired revelation of such-and-such an article, there is an inward and mass-audience groan, and possibly a laugh of ridicule.

Rightly so. The patrons have no doubt just seen a feature film, which, whatever its quality, can only be a classic compared with the "corny" party scene or what-you-will, scripted to embrace the virtues of some particular product. Granted, that animated cartoons or figures are usually better, but heaven preserve us from attempts to write films around a product in which some misdirected actor looks ill, then suddenly looks better . . . and then, horror of horrors, brings *it*, the *thing*, the *product* out of a convenient pocket. It's all so unnatural, so inartistic. An abuse of the film and not a very creditable ambassador for the manufacturer. For, although the public are quite sporting and elastic about the value they get for their box-office money, they do not like being imposed upon.

Abuse of Great Art Form

The manufacturer must realise that it is practically impossible to script an entertaining film which must, of necessity, feature or finish with the already-mentioned divine revelation. If he argues that the

showing of his wares, in the long run, irrespective of the quality of the film, keeps his name before the public, one must, at a stretch, concede the point. But, will he please refrain from using one of the greatest modern art forms so clumsily. There is a better way.

Firstly, let him consider commercial radio, particularly American, and learn a lesson. The listener hears crooners, swing bands and symphony orchestras, whose performances in themselves are complete. The listener only hears the "puff" before or after, and, getting reward for his listening time, is not averse to a bit of self-praise by the sponsor. The entertainment has been put in its rightful place of absolute priority. Even in the pre-war days of the Luxembourg programmes, which the writer can recall, when lyrics lauding a product were sung to music, there was still the benefit of excellent radio matter of a non-commercial nature in addition.

What Would Theatre Audiences Say?

Secondly, one can imagine what the reaction of a theatre audience would be if sketches, written to boost a product, were presented between the acts of a drama. Hostile, to say the least. Why expect a different response in the cinema? The point is now clear, one trusts.

The better way, if advertising films must have screen-time, starts with a disciplined precept—the manufacturer must forget his product. Difficult, but important. He must then demand a short feature-film treatment and ask—"Will it entertain, is it unusual, or funny, or crisply informative, or dramatic?" A theme that in itself has originality, punch,

imagination? The point must be stressed—will it genuinely entertain? If it will, then this is the answer to the whole problem. He should approve this film and back it.

Wanted—Entertainment

Now, what about the product? It has not been forgotten. On the contrary, it is going to be enhanced, by the wiser, sounder expedient of letting the film reach its natural conclusion, followed by the usual THE END . . . then, and only then, flashing "Presented to you, for your enjoyment, by the makers of (say) DIPSY." For extra measure a nimble script-writer could weave into this cinematic "with compliments" card a phrase that would gently, firmly boost the manufacturer.

Well, there it is. The public, a fair-minded species, will be receptive—it has been entertained. When the manufacturer remembers that the primary function of the film is to entertain, enlighten and brighten he will be getting somewhere, and so will his product.

(Continued from page 13)

find it easier to make, for example, sets obey the laws of perspective than to obey the mood of the story. *Crime without Passion* showed us, years ago, how to create whole sets cinematically by building only parts of them; the opening scenes of *Oliver Twist* reminded us of it again. Oughtn't we to think about it?—not only in relation to sets, but to writing and sound recording and choice of angles and everything. It's more cinematic. Besides, since it's cheaper, it might enable us to avoid further crises.

(Continued from page 8)

vision is alive. The scenes appearing on the television screen are known to be happening at the moment of their being seen and therefore there is an inherent dramatic element in them which is absent from the film.

(Continued from page 12)

way to do it. Secondly, we must insist that on every British film the words "British film" are written in plain language, so that the people will know that next week in such and such a cinema there is a British film and then they will go to see it. That is the way to extend our markets in that great area. It is a most important market because with our films go our ideas, the British way of life, and industry.

There are several industries which have been built up purely by the use of films. We must take care of this. We must ensure that, though our films here are not doing too well now, we develop this market which will bring prosperity to our derelict studios. I would appeal to the Board of Trade to see, by every means within their power, that British films claim their fair place in these most valuable Latin American markets.

Solution to Film Crossword

No. 16, April, 1949

Clues Across.—1, Deborah Kerr. 7, Nabob. 8, Nelly. 10, Dye. 11, Shear. 12, Lenin. 14, Tie. 15, Nomad. 18, Wyatt. 20, Ado. 21, Tenon. 22, Khaki. 23, Jean Tissier.

Clues Down.—1, Denison. 2, Bible. 3, Robert Donat. 4, Hindle Wakes. 5, Ellen. 6, Roy. 9, Eye. 13, Nattier. 16, Mania. 17, Ado. 19, Agami. 21, Taj.

FOR THEM THAT TRESPASS

**AN ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE DIRECTED BY
CAVALCANTI, PRODUCED BY VICTOR SKUTEZKY**

*"Ain't you done enough!" Frankie, unceremoniously ejected from
"The Wild Swan" after a brawl, at first ungraciously receives Christy's
attempts at assistance.*



THE STORY

BELOW the civilised heights of Sarum Hill, wealthy London suburb, lies Lenton Town—a sooted mass of mean little houses, dirty side streets, terraces that have long lost their grace, and crowded, noisy public houses.

From his mother's home on Sarum Hill, **Christopher Drew** (Stephen Murray), a young man with ambitions to be a writer, looks down on Lenton Town with a burning curiosity.

When his first poem is published in a daily paper, firing his ambition still further, he takes a trip by night to Lenton Town, determined to broaden his rather limited experience of life.

He does. But it also involves him with **Frankie**, a young Cockney girl (Rosalyn Boulter) and her two admirers **Herb Logan** (Richard Todd) and **Jim Heal** (Michael Laurence). To them—although they never meet—**Christy** is known as Kit Marlowe, a name he uses in his associations with Frankie to conceal his real identity.

One night both Herb and Christy visit Frankie's apart-

ment at different times. While Christy is there Jim Heal turns up unexpectedly. He breaks his way in and finds evidence which shows Frankie has had visitors. In a mad fit of jealousy he kills her.

Logan, already known to the police, is suspected. He goes into hiding and meets **Rosie** (Patricia Plunkett) a young shopgirl with whom he falls in love. Her friends give him away to the police. Logan is arrested and later condemned to death for the murder. Heal finds safety with one of Frankie's rivals, **Olive Mockson** (Vida Hope) whom he marries.

Christy thinks too much of his social position to admit he knew Frankie but in an effort to salve his conscience because he knows Heal to be the real criminal, he sends an anonymous note to Logan's counsel. Its effect is to commute the sentence to penal servitude for life.

As the years pass, Christy becomes famous as a writer. He marries an attractive young woman (Helen Cherry) and raises a family. He tries to forget the ugly incident of his earlier life.

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"He's a gent." Frankie speaks wistfully of Christy, her latest admirer. Herb listens inwardly amused.



"How's the boy-friend, Rosie?" Dave (Harry Dowling) and Grace (Joan Dowling) are curious about Herb.

But Logan doesn't. He is obsessed with the idea that the mythical Kit Marlowe was the real killer. After his release from prison after fifteen years, he eventually tracks Christy down. The latter, whilst disclaiming knowledge of the incident, succinctly suggests that Logan inquire into the activities of Jim Heal. This Logan does. Panic-stricken, Heal lures the wronged man into a railway tunnel with the intention of killing him. Herb escapes,

Jim Heal is fatally injured by a passing train in the chase. He makes a death-bed confession.

All Logan needs is corroborative evidence from Christopher Drew. For a long time the successful novelist refuses to help him. But at last he is tricked into making a confession which clears Logan so that he can spend the rest of his life in happiness with Rosie, whom he married on his release from prison.



Profile of (Photo Barzacchi) ANNA MAGNANI

by CECILIA FRANCIS

ANNA MAGNANI, unlike many top artistic personalities, arouses no controversy. Her present supremacy is accepted without question. No actress has ever made such an impact as did Anna Magnani in one short performance—that of Pina in *Rome, Open City*. It was this picture which first made her known outside Italy; the violence of her emotion seemed to tear right through the celluloid, presenting a real-life tragedy before shaken

audiences. No one who saw this film could ever forget the short, almost dumpy figure, the immense tragic eyes, the picturesquely jagged hair, the throaty voice and raucous laugh, assisted by those powerful, darting hands.

Sincere and Unpretentious

Since meeting her in London we have learnt that her everyday personality does not fall short of her screen self. Belonging to the ranks of great artists, she can

afford to shed all pretence—indeed, talking to her, one is touched by the very depth of her sincerity.

Little is known of Anna Magnani's origins, she herself dismisses her early days in a few words. Born in Egypt, but brought up in Rome, she does not seem to have had an easy background nor a privileged education. Graduating from the Academy of Dramatic Art, she was first noticed, but without distinction, in the Roman Theatre of 1933, during a season of the modern dramatists, Shaw, O'Neill, Sherwood and Pirandello. But more than ten years were to pass before she became a star of any importance. During this time she tried every sort of theatrical work, even vaudeville where she won success as a singer and impersonator. In 1940 Vittorio de Sica invited the still little-known actress to take her first acting role in a film, previously she had been cast, though only infrequently, as a singer. Her acting debut scored some success but it was 1945 before she really soared to the top in *Rome, Open City*. The highly dramatic role of a tragic widow who met a violent death on the eve of her marriage brought about a new era in screen acting.

International Fame Established

Anna Magnani has made several films since then, of which two have been seen outside Italy yet. And so it is with three performances only that her reputation has grown to its present eminence. Her important films, to date, after *Rome, Open City*, are *Il Bandito* (The Bandit), directed by Alberto

Lattuada, *L'Onorevole Angelina* (Angelina), directed by Luigi Zampa, Rossellini's *Amore* and the newest *Molti Sogni per le Strade* (Many Dreams along the Roads), directed by Mario Camerini. *Il Bandito*, not yet shown in Britain, as certain scenes treated with sturdy Italian realism offended our censor, who ordered severe cuts, elsewhere gained unanimous success. Following quickly after *Rome, Open City*, it set the seal upon the international fame of Magnani, also for the director, Alberto Lattuada, whose three successive pictures are waiting to come to Britain.

Angelina has already been seen by many Londoners, and its popularity here forecasts a future wide demand in the provinces. What Zampa lacks in brilliance he makes up for in kindly tolerance—his attitude towards humanity is not sugar-coated but tinged with genuine sympathy. The frankly popular appeal of Zampa, which sometimes arouses scorn in his fellow-directors, is directly due to this quality. His pictures, *Vivere in Pace* (To Live in Peace), *Un Americano in Vacanza* (An American on Holiday) and *Anni Difficili* (Difficult Years), as well as *Angelina*, are, all of them, the very essence of modern Italian realism; Zampa certainly cannot be accused of paying court to the box-office.

Many realistic films, especially those of Rossellini and de Sica, are treated with a brilliance that is cold and leaves a slight feeling of fear; the special appeal of Zampa lies in his gift for revealing truth as something warm and understandable. Anna Magnani, with her superb sense of robust comedy, fits perfectly into Zampa's

attitude. In *Angelina*, with characteristic modesty, Zampa has stepped back, perhaps too far back to allow all the more scope to his leading lady.

Film Dedicated to Art of Magnani

Directed by Rossellini, the credit of *Amore* tells us that it is dedicated to the art of Anna Magnani. It is indeed a tribute to her amazing powers—only the most exceptional actress could withstand the strain this unusual picture puts upon her. The first half, called *La Voce Humana* (The Human Voice), written by Cocteau, consists ingeniously of a



Anna Magnani in "*Many Dreams along the Roads*." (Photo Lif.)

forty-minute telephone monologue, with little action and only two sets, a bedroom with adjoining bathroom. On the bedside table of this untidy, baroque bedroom, stands the telephone—the villain and the hero of the story. Huddling restlessly on the bed lies Anna Magnani, the discarded mistress, so shattered and desolate that one aches for her. She gives a highly charged performance which is too emotionally exhausting and needs to be more restrained.

In *Il Miracolo* (The Miracle), the second half of this same film, the tragedy of love is again the keynote. Set in a village on the steep coast of Amalfi, Magnani takes a vastly different role from the world-weary sophisticate of *The Human Voice*—in this she is a simple-minded goatherd, dressed in dirty, tattered rags. One day she sees a bearded stranger on the cliffside; believing him to be St. Joseph, she offers him her bread and they share a flask of wine. All the time, convinced of her vision, she thinks herself specially chosen to be the future mother of the new Saviour. The crude villagers taunt her mercilessly and to escape them she clammers up the mountainside. This climb of the mother-to-be in agony is an epic of the cinema, in which Magnani surpasses herself. The film ends where the poor woman, having found sanctuary in a hut near the chapel, dies as her child is born. Crazy as she is, she dies in joy at the miracle that has happened to her. Both these performances, which would tax the powers of even a gifted actress, prove Anna Magnani to be the greatest tragedienne on the screen to-day.

Return to Comedy

In her last film, she returns to comedy. *Molti Sogni per le Strade* (Many Dreams along the Roads), set in the streets of everyday Rome, show Anna Magnani once more as a working-class wife, who, through a series of uproarious misfortunes, finds a job for her unemployed husband. Perhaps the best comedy sequence is the christening ceremony where she sheds her usual

(Continued on page 27)

HOW TO BUILD A STAR

by Paul Nugat

GEORGE CHASE, the well-known talent scout, appears to be dozing through the amateur theatricals at the Haberdashers' Bicentenary Celebrations, until Joan Blob makes her appearance as the second maid. Then he sits up. Joan is as pretty as her performance is unremarkable. She has an indefinable something, that makes George Chase fish out a visiting card and present it, after the last curtain.

The Great Moment— Screen Test!

The upshot is a suggestion that Joan should have a screen test. Mind you, he holds out no glittering promises. It's purely routine. It is almost a daily occurrence at his studio. Joan, born and bred in Stratford (not on-Avon), had never given the profession of actress a serious thought, until a few weeks later . . . Joan Blob takes a day off from stenography and turns up at the studio gate, having remembered not to dapple her cheeks with cosmetics.

To her surprise, she is awaited. A director greets her and comforts her with the promise that he will talk to her during the test. The expert eye of a make-up man sums up the texture of her skin, her colouring, and decides to apply Max Factor's Number 16. His gossip about stars with hangovers keeps her mind from worry, and her confidence slowly seeps back from the soles of her shoes. The test is less of an ordeal than

when the boy friend tries to fix the sun behind his box camera. The director chooses her favourite topic of conversation—herself. It is all over disappointingly quickly. The round of "Good-byes" strike her as most emphatic.

Over to Publicity Boys

At a conference some time later, a producer mouths the name, Joan Blob, and spits it out like a plum stone. The tests show her to be photogenic—a point in her favour. The soundtrack heightens the urban slur in her unmodulated voice. Her personality is almost negligible, but can probably be moulded to suit the studio. The conference votes unenthusiastically in favour of giving Joan a long-term contract, which the studio can break at will.

On her first day, Joan Blob is surrounded by a milling circus of publicity men, hair stylists, still-photographers, fashion designers, diction and deportment teachers. The publicity boys grab her first. Their first job will be to strip her—of her name. Before inventing one, they find out her mother's maiden name, just in case it helps. It does not. Then they toss names around *ad lib.*, hoping to hit the mark. None of them quite clicks. Well, they'll advise her in a day or two. Where was she born? Stratford. H'm, they'll have to suppress that. Wait a mo'. Why not stretch it and make it Stratford-on-Avon?

They've made a start. The next step is to make her a devotee of the Memorial Theatre, ever since she could toddle.

"By the way," throws in a publicist, "have you ever seen a Shakespeare play?"

"I saw *Midsummer Night's Dream* in Regent's Park last year."

Everybody is much impressed. "That's fine."

"It wasn't," says Joan candidly. "I hated it."

"O.K. We'll soft-peddle your love for Shakespeare—confine it to the glossy magazines."

They probe her hobbies. Joan likes dancing, swimming, hiking.

"No homely occupations? Right. Seems to indicate an outdoor-girl build-up."

"I've got it," pitches in the bright young man, who had moved her birth-place to Shakespeare's country. "Let's make her hobby Oceanography. It's the latest craze, and I don't think any stars have moved in on it." Joan is about to protest her ignorance (of which they are well aware) when she realises she is in their hands. Before passing her over to the stills department, the boys assure her that this is just the ice-breaking inquisition. The stunts will come later. Then they troop back to their office to stare out of the window and think up the milestones ahead.

Meanwhile, the stills photographer gives Joan her instructions.

Helping Export Drive!

To-morrow, an all-day session lies ahead of her. Furs in the morning, *négligées* in the afternoon. All part of the export drive to impress the fur hunters.

As he talks, the photographer

runs his eyes over her as coldly as a butcher viewing a leg of mutton. Mentally, he decides her figure can stand up to any camera angle. He tells her to run along for costume fittings. Miss Dace, her mouth full of pins, rubs her hands with satisfaction. Joan neither protrudes nor recedes where she shouldn't. And Miss Dace is truly thankful. Her favourite joke is, that with her experience of camouflage, she could make a battleship look like Cleopatra's Needle.

There is, of course, a break for lunch. In the canteen, Joan will learn to become adept at talking spitefully of everybody's success but her own. The canteen is the training ground for the coming evenings, when she will be seen dining at the Caprice with some carefully selected chaperones, who will be bored to tears if she cannot hiss intermittently like a nicely groomed viper.

Towards the Transformation

After lunch, Joan falls into Mrs. Heatherwill's clutches. She learns to her dismay that there is barely a word in the English language that she pronounces correctly.

"For a girl born next to our immortal Shakespeare," barks Mrs. Heatherwill in toxic accents, "your diction is appalling."

Joan bites her lower lip angrily. Then a smile breaks across her youthful features as she realises that she has already met the first victim of her crystallising personality. Joan also learns that the jilty little walk, which always got her to the office on time, is without poise.

Finally, Joan is dismissed. She has made progress, though Mrs.

(Continued on page 27)

THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

by H. H. WOLLENBERG

HELMUT KAEUTNER, the most unorthodox of post-war German directors, who made *In Those Days*, *Film Without Title* and *The Apple is Picked*, is going to make his next film in Sweden this spring, *Song Without Words*. It is the story of a mute woman and of a hatred, and most of the picture will be silent.

From Hungary we hear that Franz Liszt, the famous composer, is the central figure in a biographical film. His works are played by pianist Anni Fischer, who won the Liszt Prize in 1936.

Sweden offers *Up to the Gates of Hell*, a feature film on atomic energy, directed by Gustav Molander. Principal actor, Lars Hanson.

In the Argentine, film production is thriving. No less than 40 home-produced pictures were shown in 1948. This year, the production line-up includes at least three subjects which one awaits with interest and caution: *Boat Without Fishermen*; *My Country*, a subject with a documentary, folk-lore flavour; and *The Birth Hour of Freedom*.

Carl Dreyer, the Dane, is one of the original, creative minds among film-makers. His few works such as *Vampire*, *The Passion of Joan of Arc* and *Day of Wrath* are not, and will not be, forgotten. There has been some guessing about plans for his next subject. At one time he was considering production of a film in this country on Mary Stuart. Now, I hear, he plans to make a film this year based on Prosper ("Carmen") Merimée's story,

"The Spaniards in Denmark," to be produced in Denmark and Spain, with a mixed Danish, French and Spanish cast.

A Chinese film called *Tears of the Yangtse* has been hailed as the best film of 1947. Made in China it depicts life there during the War.

In France, following the spectacular success of the French film, *Monsieur Vincent*, another feature has been prepared on a great religious figure, Saint Jean-Bosco, who, as Dom Bosco, was Father, acrobat, confectioner, blacksmith, priest and diplomat—a truly colourful personality. The story has been written by two Catholic writers and adapted for the screen by Andre-Paul Antoine. Exteriors being shot in France and Italy show a terrain where the founder of the Salesiens was born and lived.

Incidentally, Saint Jean-Bosco happens to be Spain's Patron Saint of the Film. In fact, the Grand Prix is awarded on his Saint Day, January 31st!

Japan

Although rather small if compared to pre-1945 figures, the production effort has since made considerable headway. The three principal studios are Shochiku, Ofuna and Kyoto. They have scheduled fifty, twenty-eight and twenty-two pictures respectively for 1949.

U.S.S.R.

From the Soviet studios there has been rather scanty news lately. *Journey Through the U.S.S.R.* is a project we have

heard about. It is a series of films in which ten studios all over Russia are co-operating. The series will give a pictorial survey of the whole of the vast Soviet territory. Last year The Order of Lenin, highest award for artistic achievement, was awarded to eight film technicians, including Ivan Pyrjew for his great colour film, *Song of Siberia*.

Other films distinguished with the Stalin Prize were *Alischer Navois*, *Pirogow*, *Education of the Feelings*, *The Russian Question*, *Life in the Citadel* and *The Heroism of the Scout*.

Austria

After a long spell comes some amusing news about Leni ("The Blue Light") Riefenstahl, once nicknamed "the Fuehrer's Sweet-heart" when she was entrusted with the documentaries of the Berlin Olympic Games and the big Nazi rally at Nuremberg. Soon, she was to disappear from the limelight of Hitler's favour. Rumour had it that intriguing little Goebbels found some non-Aryan black spot in her ancestry . . . The first war-years saw her busy producing a film based on Eugen d'Albert's famous opera "Tiefland" (Lowland), certainly not a bad subject. When the course of war turned and things became hot in Germany, she took thousands and thousands of feet to Austria, secretly stored them in the loft of a private house at Innsbruck. In the big turmoil at the beginning of the occupation, however, a great deal was stolen, particularly the parts with a mountainous background — her speciality. The films have been used, it is reported in Switzerland, for a new Austrian production, *Das Gipfelkreuz* (The Cross on

the Mountain Top). Nevertheless, quite a lot of her original shots have been left, for the film is now being completed and turned into a French version, for release by a French distributor.

(Continued from page 23)

strident manner for a genteel society one. This scene will rank with such comedy sequences as the Boogie Woogie scene from *Vivere in Pace* (To Live in Peace), the hilarious bus-ride in *Quattro Passi fra le Nuvole* (Four Steps in the Clouds), and the *curé* admonishing the erring wife from mid-river in *La Femme du Boulanger*.

Anna Magnani is no overnight sensation—she is an artist of substance; that indomitable quality in her work bears proof of this. And she is only at the beginning of what promises to be an outstanding career—a career that will serve to show how few and far between are the really great actresses of the cinema.

(Continued from page 25)

Heatherwill would never admit it.

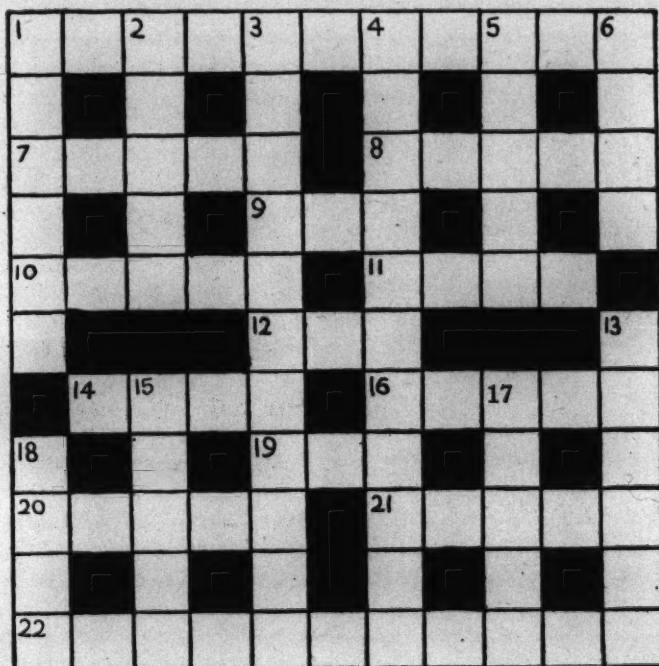
Feeling a little queer and peculiarly empty, Joan staggers out into the sunlight towards the exit. A lone autograph hunter eyes her saucily and sticks a well-thumbed book under her nose. Mechanically, she takes the stub end of a pencil and holds it poised. The boy waits—puzzled. The dilemma of being nameless floods over her.

"I can't sign it yet," she says lamely and runs away.

"Strike me pink!" the boy exclaims. "They even have to teach 'em to read and write."

FILM CROSSWORD No. 17

SOLUTION NEXT MONTH



CLUES ACROSS

1. Star of "The Passionate Friends" (6, 5).
7. First name of Miss Valli (5).
8. "The — Between" (5).
9. This Hill was the title of a Joan Bennett film (3).
10. First name of Miss Lister (5).
11. Film-star husband of Siobhan McKenna (4).
12. Star of "Red River" (3).
14. Take the pimple from "The Hasty Heart" (4).
16. No this in an early George Formby film (5).
19. Film editors and censors do this (3).
20. Crime in this for Manning Whiley (5).
21. Popular and tuneful background for Westerns (5).
22. He's in "Vote for Huggett" (6, 5).

CLUES DOWN

1. Henry Hall starred in "Music Hath —" (6).
2. Ten minute this for an early British film (5).
3. She is the star of "Murder at the Windmill" (5, 6).
4. One of Britain's famous film twins (3, 8).
5. After all, a film star is only a flickering this on the screen (5).
6. "Jew —." A Conrad Veidt film (4).
13. His book, "The Brothers" was filmed (6).
15. In period pictures, this screw is often used for torture (5).
17. In "The Brothers" this measure for herrings might have been used (5).
18. Take the irritation from Alfred Hitchcock (4).

FILM REVIEWS

ANGELINA (Academy)

In this picture of poverty-stricken Rome, Anna Magnani, as the leader of the housewives' revolt, gives a magnificent performance. But although *Angelina* is directed by Luigi Zampa, it fails to move us as did *To Live in Peace* and *An American on Holiday*. This is mainly due to excessive dialogue. Some of the fault, though, lies in the very false ending; after giving proof of his callous and despicable nature, the grasping capitalist suddenly reforms because his son has fallen for a girl who lives in the slums!

But despite its faults, *Angelina* is still far superior to the average British or American film. If you like realism, plus really convincing screen acting, don't miss seeing this picture.

UN CARNET DE BAL (La Continentale)

I doubt whether there are any film lovers who have not yet seen this Julien Duvivier classic many, many times. However, its revival is always more than welcome. To refresh your memories, *Un Carnet de Bal* (The Dance Programme) tells the story of a very attractive widow who sets out to discover what has happened to the eight young men she danced with at her first ball, twenty years before—when she was only sixteen.

The cast includes Louis Jouvet, Raimu, Françoise Rosay, Harry Bauer, Fernandel, Marie Bell, Pierre Blanchard, Pierre Richard Willm.

I find this film more beautiful each time I see it.

THE LAST DAYS OF DOLWYN

Emlyn Williams wrote the screenplay, directed the picture, and gives a theatrical caricature of a screen villain. He is, then, the person who must bear the full responsibility for this failure.

As a boy he is driven out of the village of Dolwyn for stealing. He "makes good" in the world of business, and years later returns in a pretty vindictive mood. And as he is the agent for an industrial concern that has a nice scheme to carry water from Wales to Lancashire by the simple method of flooding the village, the stage (or rather, the screen) is set for lashings of melodrama.

Dame Edith Evans and most of the Welsh cast are excellent. But I sincerely hope that the embarrassingly artificial love scenes are cut before this film is generally released. I can already hear the catcalls!

However, the Welsh atmosphere is authentic, and at times there is sheer poetry in the scenery.

R.H.

.... and now to hats



Garden basket, trimmed with wild flowers and nature-green ribbon. Photographed is a very sophisticated creation by Erik, in silver slipper satin festooned with black-birds and wings. This striking hat was made for the film, *The Lark*,

Tulle and ostrich feathers enhance many new designs, and beauty of line is evident in all Erik's models. Double brims are seen on many styles this season, and enormous hats of Mexican flavour make their appearance to add a dash of relief to the "small head" fashion picture.

When buying a hat, never sit down at the moment of final choice. Stand up and get the head-to-toe effect. Tall women need width and cannot wear successfully the cone-shaped hats with heavenward pointing feathers more suitable for the short woman.

Ann Miller dancing her way through the film *Easter Parade* has selected some lovely hats as favourites for her personal wardrobe, including a tiny black velvet restaurant model with sprays of delicate ostrich curling about the face, and a pert bonnet of pink plum velvet with violets nestling in the matching grosgrain streamers.

With such a fascinating display of millinery to view there is no excuse for not finding the perfect hat!

AFTER years of indifference to headgear, and the dreary head-scarf, women have become hat-conscious. A new hat chosen with care can work a miracle and transform a Plain Jane into an attractive woman. This season our foremost millinery designers are busy creating the loveliest models.

It is an inspiration to visit Erik in his Brook Street Salon where he is showing an entrancing collection of the most winsome straw hats of original shape with interesting brim treatment. He uses coffee-coloured coarse straw with distinctive results. Trimmings consist of flower clusters, grosgrain and satin ribbons. One pretty model I saw was adorned with a gay bunch of glowing red cherries, and the crown of another was shaped like a Covent

Book Guide

THE USE OF THE FILM

By Basil Wright
(The Bodley Head, 3s. 6d.)

A British Film Academy recommendation, Basil Wright's book covers, somewhat briefly, the various functions of the "only new art form developed by man since the dawn of history."

Regarding the many important films on sociological problems—slums, nutrition, education, smoke abatement and local government—"It is indeed curious to note that these forward-looking films have been made mainly by big capitalist organisations, and that until quite recently the powerful left-wing bodies such as the Unions and the Co-operatives have been extremely backward and unimaginative in their approach to films. Their attitude has been, with few exceptions, narrowly parochial or naively propagandist. With funds and organisation fully available for the making of inspiring films which would be of direct service to the community, they have tended to spend their money on movies devoted to celebrating centenaries and past triumphs, or to preaching to the converted. To-day wiser counsels are beginning to prevail."

"The Use of the Film" will serve as a useful adjunct to Roger Manvell's "Film."

THE ELSTREE STORY

(Clerke and Cockeran, 3s. 6d.)

Describes 21 years of film making at the B.I.P. Studios, Elstree (re-named Associated British Studios). The writers are Sir Seymour Hicks, Charles Laughton, Stephen Murray, Anna Neagle, John Mills, Ray Milland, Googie Withers, Alfred Hitchcock, Margaret Lockwood, etc.

There is an account of the filming of Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," numerous anecdotes, and glimpses of some now famous artists in their "early days." Profusely illustrated, this book is crammed with interesting features.

DRAWN AND QUARTERED

By Richard Winnington
(Saturn Press, 12s. 6d.)

Richard Winnington is perhaps the film critic most respected by the people who actually make the films. His book consists of extracts from five years of reviewing. Both the reviews and the accompanying drawings of stars are excellent. "Drawn and Quartered" should be carefully studied by all lovers of the good film.

Around and About

with
LOU CRANSTON



Trevor Howard.

New Film for Paul Robeson

I'm glad to hear that producer Herbert Marshall and the famous singer-actor Paul Robeson are to get together again to make another film. Herbert tells me that the film will be based on the life of Ira Aldridge, who was the first negro in the world to play great Shakespearean roles, including the great white roles of Shylock and Lear.

This film will show Robeson to us at his best, for it gives him scope for comedy, tragedy and singing. The script is now being written by Herbert and his wife Fredda Brilliant.

Previous film made by the Marshall-Robeson partnership was *Proud Valley*, which is still showing to packed houses in various parts of the country.

Film just finished by Herbert Marshall is *Tinker Taylor*, which is about British youngsters grown into manhood. "This film," said Marshall, "has been made in the Italian manner. It has been shot entirely on location, mostly in the

open. Some fine shots were taken of Durham Cathedral during a service."

"Proper Treat"

Jean Kent and hubby Yusef Ramart, just back from the Continent, have many interesting stories to tell. Everywhere they were received like diplomatic visitors, and special cars were placed at their disposal. The politeness was quite fantastic, Jean told some of her friends. She's now thinking about doing some work. She may act in a play, or feature in variety—in which she excels.

Ready for the Season

Last year Trevor Howard organised an all-star cricket team to play professionals. This year he is going to do the same thing, I hear. At present, in Tunis making *Golden Salamander* for Ronnie Neame, he is compiling possible players. Opponents will probably be a county team or old

professional. cricketers. Profits will go to a charity. Trevor is a great sports fan.

"Landfall" for Patricia

She's a sweet girl is Patricia Plunkett. I had a chat with her about her part in her latest picture, *Landfall*, in which she plays a barmaid. "Ever played a barmaid before?" I asked. "No," she laughed, "but I'm going to get some local colour by doing a round of the pubs in the vicinity of my flat." She plays opposite Michael Dennison. Setting is in Portsmouth during the last war.

Past the Censor

Producer John Mills has finally settled his snags with the censor over the script of *Rocking Horse Winner*, which is about a young boy who picks winners automatically. Censor thought morals were a bit shaky. Apparently, the censor has been won over, John has made some amendments, and John Howard Davies, who was *Oliver Twist* in the film of the same name, will shortly go before the cameras. Maybe after this film we'll get one from another company of a young precocious girl who fills up pool forms correctly.

HOLLYWOOD STILLS EXHIBITION



A prizewinning still from Warner Bros.' "*Stallion Road*."

GEORGE MASON'S REPORT

THE first British presentation of Hollywood still-photography opened at Derry and Toms on March 23rd.

The American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has, in the past few years, sponsored this annual competition to discover Hollywood's finest static film photography, and to give recognition to the still-camera-man's art. From Hollywood the exhibition toured America. And then it came to London, for the first time.

Of the hundred exhibits, selected from five hundred entries, the majority are scene stills from actual films, with a smaller proportion of character and straight portraits and a minority selection

of pin-up pictures, poster-art stills and fashion and candid pictures.

Stills Taken During

Actual Filming

Most of the scene stills have caught the action, and, studying them closer, the impression is that the photographers took their pictures while actual filming was in progress. In some Hollywood studios this method is used; the stills camera operates during actual shooting. This enables a stills man to snatch an action picture from an actual scene.

"Best of the Show" exhibit, taken by E. Bachrach, is a brilliant novelty shot of actress Rhonda Fleming mirrored in a close-up of a man's eye. The wrinkled contour lines of the skin, the willowy bristles of the eyebrow and the watery tissues of the eye itself are magnified in camera to a degree of the macabre. And in the pupil is the reflection of what the eye sees—Rhonda Fleming. Truly an impressive piece of photography.

After the best there are fourteen prize-winners. Of the exhibits in the whole exhibition, there are displayed only three candid, or publicity, stills. Yet two of the three are prize-winners. These were both taken by Johnny Miehle between scenes of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Paradine Case*. One in particular shows Gregory Peck and Ann Todd rehearsing a passionate embrace, while in the background Hitchcock himself is caught—just about to sneeze! A delightful juxtaposition.

Fashions too are focused in the camera lens, with Loretta Young, Deanna Durbin and Maria Montez displaying the millinery.

Poster Art, "Pin-ups," and Novelty Shots

Stills in the poster-art section illustrate how a still is keyed to signify the film's subject and exploited in poster form. Hence the exhibit of gunman Edmund O'Brien throwing a menacing shadow on the wall—the poster used to advertise *The Killers*—and the black-and-white study of Dick Powell under a huge clock-face for the film *Johnny O'Clock*.

Hollywood's speciality, the "Pin-up," is prominent. The provocative swim-suits, sarongs, shawls, "gun getting" Western outfit, flimsy lace and pert high heels, luxurious furs and black satin comprise the more obvious appeal of Hollywood's femininity. In this sphere—the sex-appeal glamour girl whose universal popularity became prominent during the war and who was to be seen on the wall of every Serviceman's billet—the Americans excel. They have the snap, the zip, or whatever it is which puts it over. And here are to be seen some good examples—with contrasting backgrounds to sharpen the subject.

The exhibition has more than its share of character studies, some are good, others mediocre, but none outstanding. Many of the Hollywood celebrities are there—Dietrich, Leon Errol, Henry Fonda, Barbara Bel Geddes, Valli, Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Lucille Ball, Joseph Cotten, Merle Oberon, Alan Ladd, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Bennett, and a host of others.

Of the two other novelty shots, apart from the "Eye," one shows Joan Fontaine as "The Intellectual," from the film of that name, wearing horn-rimmed



Rita Hayworth and Marc Platt in Columbia's "Down to Earth."

spectacles and sitting in prim attire beside a rickety pile of books—a self-speaking symbolism; the other, a shot of Gloria Henry, uses her hair as a frame.

Art Sketches

A small but enlightening deviation for the general public is the handful of film-set art sketches attractively drawn and displayed, to compare the finished product, with a still from the actual scene.

All in all, one feels the exhibition could have been larger and more exhibits displayed; however,

generally it is a success.

The obvious poser which arises from seeing the exhibition is a comparison with the work of British still-photographers. This is difficult, but knowing something of the still-photographer's difficulties in obtaining his pictures on the set, the impression one comes away with from this exhibition is the evidence of the large measure co-operation there must be in the taking of stills in Hollywood, particularly if the stills have to be posed after the scene is shot, as is the case in British studios.

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